

In Spite of Aunt Merrivale.

By ETHEL DOUGLAS.

Copyrighted, 1908, by M. M. Cunningham.

Nancy started angrily as the porter dropped a suit case into the front seat of her section and Philip Graham followed him to the seat.

"This is ungenerous," she said tensely when the porter had taken himself off. "How did you discover that I was coming?"

"I am afraid that you will not credit my protestations," said Graham soberly, "but I assure you that my surprise equals your own. I was telegraphed for not two hours ago. I had just time to throw a few things into the suit case and run for the train. I was under the impression that you were to remain with your aunt a week and that last night would make no difference in your plans."

"Last night had nothing to do with it," disclaimed Nancy. "Father wired for me. I am afraid that it is serious, and you elect to follow me and annoy me with your arguments."

"I have already assured you of my entire ignorance of your presence on the floor," said Philip stiffly. "In proof of my good intentions I shall betake myself to the smoker until I am able to arrange an exchange of seats with the conductor."

He raised his hat and stalked forward in the direction of the cafe car, leaving Nancy with her feelings sadly ruffled. Only the night before Graham had proposed to her and had been refused. She was certain that her aunt, Mrs. Merrivale, had managed to get word to Philip that Nancy had been telegraphed for. His presence here was a part of Mrs. Merrivale's match-making plans.

Had she been left to herself Nancy would have accepted Graham; but, being a young person of spirit, she declined to be forced upon Graham or to have him forced upon her. From the beginning Aunt Merrivale's plans had been too obvious.

They were flying through the yard now. She could not leave the train.



GRAHAM PASSED HER ON HIS WAY TO THE DINING CAR.

Of course Philip would be back later to explain that he was unable to effect an exchange into another car. Probably he would spend the evening across the section from her, and, unlike the men, there was no place to which Nancy could retreat.

She was genuinely surprised when presently a strange porter came for the suit case, placing another in the seat in its place. She smiled to herself with satisfaction. It was plain to be seen that she had shown Graham how she had penetrated his plan, and he had acknowledged his defeat. Idly she wondered if he would leave the train at Philadelphia; then mentally she scolded herself for taking any interest in Philip Graham's movements.

They were well past Philadelphia when Graham passed her on his way to the dining car, and Nancy rather admired him for his persistence in remaining away from her. At least he was too clever to betray his disappointment that his ruse had failed.

The night had settled down. Lights were dull, and reading was impossible. Nancy had answered the first call for dinner, and she resigned herself to tiding the long hour until the berth were made up. The message calling her home had been vague in the extreme, and in its very vagueness it was the more alarming. Her father might be dying for all she knew, and she thought bore down upon her.

She was peculiarly sensitive to moods, and the atmosphere of the half deserted car was depressing. Through the closed door of the stateroom at her back came the wailing cry of a baby, to which was occasionally added the more lusty note of a growing child. Across the aisle a man played innumerable games of solitaire, the sharp whirr of the shuffle punctuating his grunting, half audible comments at the run of bad luck. Just ahead two women were discussing dressmaking in shrill tones which rose above the steady rattle of the train, and here and there some man leaned idly back in his seat and turned his newspaper

with a rustle that jarred on nerves already at a tension.

Nancy felt that she must scream. She had slept little the night before after her interview with Philip, and when at last she had been able to doze off she had been aroused to read the telegram calling her home. From then until train time it had been a steady confusion, and the meeting with Philip in the car had added the final touch to her nervous condition.

As he returned from the diner to seek the car ahead she half started from her seat, but sank back in confusion. It would never do to tell Philip that she needed him. He would think that she was seeking to reopen the question of last night, and he would suggest that the need was permanent.

But as the minutes dragged past Nancy's discomfort increased, and at last she signaled the porter and directed him to go after Graham. The porter grinned understandingly as he went forward to the cafe car and presently returned with Graham, whom he presented with the proud air of accomplishment worn by the magician who extracts a rabbit from a hat.

"You are ill?" Philip asked, with grave concern, as he noticed the drawn lips and the feverish sparkle of her eyes.

"Not ill," she explained, "but I shall be presently if I have to sit here and listen to the wailing of those children, with no one to talk to. I thought—perhaps—you wouldn't mind doing a charitable act and talk to me for a little while."

"Philanthropy becomes a pleasure when it assumes so inviting a form," he declared, with a smile, as he sank into the seat beside her.

Graham was a capital conversationalist, and almost before she realized it the porter had begun to take down the berths, and Graham glanced at his watch.

"Don't go yet," pleaded Nancy, and Graham smiled.

"I was going to ask permission to wait until after the next stop," he said. "We can take a little walk on the station platform and get a breath of fresh air before we face the smother of the berths."

"There's the whistle now," said Nancy as she reached for her hat.

The train slowed down, and presently they were pacing up and down the platform. There was a sharpness in the air that was grateful after the overwarming car, and Nancy was sorry when the warning came to get aboard again.

The porter from Graham's car approached them as Nancy resumed her seat. He handed Graham a telegram.

"I wired your father for more particulars," Philip explained when he had read the message. "Your aunt from San Francisco is visiting your father and wished to see you before she returns to the coast."

"Is that all?" Nancy's face expressed the relief she felt. "Isn't it odd I never thought of that? But I never told you that I was worried about father," she added.

"Not in words," he admitted. "I could see it in your face. And now that your mind is set at rest I shall say good night."

Nancy watched him until he had almost reached the end of the aisle; then she ran after him, catching up with him just as he reached the vestibule.

"Is that all you wanted to say?" she asked as she swayed lightly toward him.

"Not all I wanted to say," he replied, "but all that I was permitted to say."

"The rest is permitted, and the answer is 'Yes' this time," was the impulsive reply. "I'll marry you even if Aunt Merrivale does want me to."

And Graham's eyes smiled comprehendingly as he bent and kissed the rosy lips. He was not appreciative of matchmakers himself.

Colors in Dreams.

Red and yellow are the dream colors if Dr. Havelock Ellis is right. No other hues come to the dreamer of dreams. Simroth has declared that red is the most primitive of colors, and long ago protoplasm from which human beings derived their origin on the new earth probably responded to or was affected by red color waves.

In the depth of the sea the algae, or seaweed, are red. With the savage red is the favorite color, and for a bright piece of red calico African savages gladly would give valuable elephant tusks.

Red strikes the note of intense emotions. It is the color of joy, exultation, jubilation. Savages paint themselves red and rejoice at seeing each other in burning hues. German women of the early ages daubed their bodies with brilliant red and yellow and considered themselves most beautifully adorned.

On sacred festivals in Rome and Greece, Pliny records, red was smeared over the statues of Jupiter and was the color of religious rejoicing. The human eyes, it is said, can distinguish 100,000 different hues or colors and can appreciate and differentiate twenty shades of each hue. In other words, the eye is capable of 2,000,000 color impressions.

Unequaled as a Cure for Croup.

"Besides being an excellent remedy for colds and throat troubles, Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is unequalled as a cure for croup," says Harry Wilson of Waynetown, Ind. When given as soon as the croupy cough appears, this remedy will prevent the attack. It is used successfully in many thousands of homes. For sale by Frank Hart and leading druggists.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—FURNITURE OF A 5-room house; all ready to move into; low rent; centrally located. WESTERN REALTY CO., 172 Tenth St.

FOR SALE—THE STOCK AND fixtures of a general store located a few miles from Astoria; very clean stock, and will invoice about \$7000. Particulars at WESTERN REALTY CO.

ONE HUNDRED-ROOM HOTEL for sale; doing a splendid business; good opportunity for a first-class hotel man. WESTERN REALTY CO.

FOR SALE—ONE-QUARTER OR one-half interest in a summer resort hotel doing a fine business; over 100 rooms and always engaged 'way ahead. WESTERN REALTY CO.

FOR SALE—THE FURNITURE of a large lodging house; rooms always full; low rent. WESTERN REALTY CO.

TIMBER CLAIMS WANTED.

WANTED—Good timber claims on the Columbia or tributary, that can be logged immediately; will pay cash; state location and kind of timber; also give cruise. Address K., care Astorian. 3-5-7t.

SPOILED THE SCENE.

When Kimball Pointed the Way to His Own Future Career.

As a delineator of the traditional Yankee character Mathias Currier Kimball, more widely known as Yankee Glunn, long stood without a rival. Away back in the early forties, when he was a mere lad, a little incident with Junius Brutus Booth, the elder, started him in his career. Kimball was only seventeen years old at the time and was at work as an usher in the Lowell museum. Booth, who was then in the zenith of his power and fame, was billed there for three nights. The play was "Richard III." Kimball had thoroughly studied the play and was considered a young man of promising dramatic ability. On the opening night the actor who took the part of Lord Norfolk failed to show up. Booth was in despair. At last some one suggested that young Kimball knew the lines of that part, and he was cast for it by Booth.

Of the event Kimball himself said: "When I went on the stage, I was badly rattled. Booth was imperious and stern, and which only complicated matters. However, I got along all right until we came to the battle of Bosworth Field. In my hurry I had taken the wrong place on the stage, when Booth hissed out in a whisper, 'Get into your place.' Then wheeling around he pronounced these words in thrilling tones: 'What thinkest thou now, noble Norfolk?' 'That we shall conquer, my lord,' was my reply, 'but on my tent this morning early was this paper found.' Booth was marking out the plan of battle on the sand. When I had finished the lines, he drew his sword and with terrific force struck the paper from my hands, saying, 'A weak invention of the enemy!' 'I was thoroughly frightened at his fearful expression and dodged back, nearly falling to the floor. Booth then repeated the words: 'What thinkest thou, Norfolk, if the pardon was offered?' 'By this time I was completely rattled and forgot my lines. Booth stood glaring at me like a tiger. The audience were holding their breath for the next turn of affairs. Suddenly I realized that something must be done. My nerve returned, and I think it must have been the devil that prompted me to balance myself on one foot and draw out with Yankee twang: 'Well, I don't know, Mr. Booth. It may work!'

"Instantly the whole house was in an uproar. As about after shout of laughter went up the black cloud on Booth's brow relaxed, and, wheeling on his heel, he left the stage, shaking his sides with merriment. After the play was over he came to me and, placing his hand on my shoulder, said in fatherly tones, 'Young man, you never played tragedy before, did you? Without waiting for a reply he continued: 'Take my advice and never attempt it again. You are a natural comedian. Take a Yankee character and become identified with it, and fame and fortune will be yours.' And I followed his advice."

Prudence.

"Why do you always announce your intention of going to Europe at least six months in advance?" "Because," answered Mr. Dustin Stax, "I am largely interested in finance, and I have to avoid anything that might in the least suggest the appearance of haste."—Washington Star.

Literary.

"When you said, 'Penny wise, pound foolish,' was it a practical theory you meant?" asked the stingy man of his subordinate. "Oh, no," replied the other, smiling, "it was merely a cent I meant."—Baltimore American.

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—2 UNFURNISHED office rooms, near court house. Inquire 386 Commercial street, upstairs. 2-7-tf.

FOR RENT OR FOR SALE—NINE room house, cor. Jerome and 17th streets. Apply to Capt. Ferchen, 330 17th street. 2-2tf.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

CHARLES H. ABERCROMBIE
Attorney-at-Law
City Attorney Offices: City Hall

JOHN C. McCUE
Attorney-at-Law
Deputy District Attorney.
Page Building Suite 4.

HOWARD M. BROWNELL
Attorney-at-Law
Office with Mr. J. A. Eakin, at 420 Commercial St., Astoria.

DENTISTS

DR. VAUGHAN
Dentist
Pythian Building, Astoria, Oregon

DR. W. C. LOGAN
Dentist
Commercial St. Shanahan Bldg.

OSTEOPATHS.

DR. RHODA C. HICKS
Osteopath
Office Mansell Bldg. Phone Black 2061
573 Commercial St., Astoria, Ore.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

RESTAURANTS.

TOKIO RESTAURANT.
351 Bond Street.
Opposite Ross, Higgins & Co.

Coffee with Pie or Cake 10 Cts.
FIRST-CLASS MEALS
Regular Meals 15 Cts. and Up.

U. S. RESTAURANT.
434 Bond Street.
Coffee with Pie or Cake, 10 Cts.
First-Class Meals, 15 Cts.

FURNITURE.

Hildebrand & Gor

Our clearing sale runs the year through.
BARGAINS AT ANY TIME
467 Commercial Street.

MASSAGING.

Massaging
IN ALL ITS BRANCHES; WARM baths if necessary; thorough competency is assured.
MRS. M. HEYNO,
87 W. Bond Street, Astoria.

LAUNDRIES.

Those Pleated Bosom Shirts
The kind known by dressy men in the summer, are difficult articles to launder nicely. Unless you know just how to do it, the front pleats won't iron down smooth, and the shirt front will look mussed. Our New Press Ironer irons them without rolling or stretching. Try it.

TROY LAUNDRY,
Tenth and Duane. Phone Main 1991

PROPOSALS.

OFFICE OF C. Q. M., VANCOUVER Barracks, Wash., March 10, 1908—Sealed proposals, in triplicate, will be received here until 11 o'clock, a. m., April 10, 1908, for furnishing fuel, fuel oil, gasoline, dogfood, mineral oil at posts in this Department for the year ending June 30, 1909; for furnishing forage and bedding for posts in Alaska for year ending June 30, 1909, and for furnishing a three months' supply of forage and bedding for posts in Department of Columbia embraced within boundaries of United States, for period commencing July 1, 1908. Deliveries of supplies to commerce July 1, 1908. Information furnished here or by Quartermasters at posts. United States reserves the right to reject or accept any or all proposals, or any part thereof. Envelopes containing proposals should be marked: "Proposals for _____," addressed John E. Baxter, C. Q. M. 11-12-13t.

HOUSE MOVERS.

FREDRICKSON BROS.—We make a specialty of house moving, carpenters, contractors, general jobbing; prompt attention to all orders. Corner Tenth and Duane streets.

HOTELS.

HOTEL OXFORD

Sixth and Oak Sts., Portland, Ore.

A strictly modern hotel in center of business district; suites with or without private baths, running hot and cold water in every room; plenty of free baths. Rates \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00.

VICTOR BRANDT, Prop.

HOTEL PORTLAND

Finest Hotel in the Northwest
PORTLAND, ORE.
European Plan Only.
H. C. BOWERS, Manager.

CABINET MAKERS.

New Upholstering Shop

First-class work guaranteed. Upholstering and cabinet work nicely and neatly done. Furniture of all kinds repaired. Prices right.
164 8th St., bet. Coml. and Duane Sts.
J. H. BOWLSBY.

FISH MARKET.

Seattle Fish Market

77 Ninth St., near Bond
Fresh and Salted Fish.
Game and Poultry.
Groceries, Produce and Fruit
Imported and Domestic Goods.
P. Bakotitch & Feo, Proprs.
Phone Red 2183

WINES AND LIQUORS.

Eagle Concert Hall

(320 Astor Street)
Rooms for rent by the day, week, or month. Best rates in town.
P. A. PETERSON, Prop.

MEDICAL.

Unprecedented Successes of
DR. C. GEE WO
THE GREAT CHINESE DOCTOR
Who is known throughout the United States on account of his wonderful cures.
No poisons or drugs used. He guarantees to cure catarrh, asthma, lung and throat trouble, rheumatism, nervousness, stomach, liver and kidney, female complaints and all chronic diseases.
SUCCESSFUL HOME TREATMENT.
If you cannot call write for symptom blank and circular, inclosing 4 cents in stamps.
THE C. GEE WO MEDICINE CO.
162 1/2 First St., Corner Morrison,
PORTLAND, OREGON.
Please mention the Astorian.

During the summer season, the Empresses sail from Quebec to Liverpool; fast and luxurious. Nine hundred miles in sheltered waters of the St. Lawrence River and Gulf. Short ocean trip. Use this route and avoid sea sickness.
Summer sailing lists and rates now ready.
Apply to any Ticket Agent, or James Finlayson, Agent, Astoria, Or.

TRANSPORTATION.

TIME CARD Astoria & Columbia River R. R. Co.

Effective, Sunday, January 26, 1908—Pacific Time.

| 32 | 28 | 30 | 26 | 24 | 22 | Miles | 21 | 20 | 19 | 18 |
|-------------|-------------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------------|
| a.m. | a.m. | a.m. | p.m. | p.m. | p.m. | | a.m. | a.m. | a.m. | p.m. |
| Sunday Only | Sunday Only | Daily | Daily | Daily | Daily | | Daily | Daily | Daily | Sunday Only |
| 11:40 | 8:15 | 9:15 | 5:50 | 11:55 | 12:15 | 0 | 7:45 | 7:45 | 7:45 | 7:45 |
| 12:01 | 8:36 | 9:36 | 6:11 | 12:16 | 12:36 | 10 | 7:56 | 7:56 | 7:56 | 7:56 |
| 12:15 | 8:50 | 9:50 | 6:25 | 12:30 | 12:50 | 20 | 8:10 | 8:10 | 8:10 | 8:10 |
| 12:29 | 9:04 | 10:04 | 6:39 | 12:44 | 1:04 | 30 | 8:24 | 8:24 | 8:24 | 8:24 |
| 12:43 | 9:18 | 10:18 | 6:53 | 12:58 | 1:18 | 40 | 8:38 | 8:38 | 8:38 | 8:38 |
| 12:57 | 9:32 | 10:32 | 7:07 | 1:12 | 1:32 | 50 | 8:52 | 8:52 | 8:52 | 8:52 |
| 1:11 | 9:46 | 10:46 | 7:21 | 1:26 | 1:46 | 60 | 9:06 | 9:06 | 9:06 | 9:06 |
| 1:25 | 10:00 | 11:00 | 7:35 | 1:40 | 2:00 | 70 | 9:20 | 9:20 | 9:20 | 9:20 |
| 1:39 | 10:14 | 11:14 | 7:49 | 1:54 | 2:14 | 80 | 9:34 | 9:34 | 9:34 | 9:34 |
| 1:53 | 10:28 | 11:28 | 8:03 | 2:08 | 2:28 | 90 | 9:48 | 9:48 | 9:48 | 9:48 |
| 2:07 | 10:42 | 11:42 | 8:17 | 2:22 | 2:42 | 100 | 10:02 | 10:02 | 10:02 | 10:02 |
| 2:21 | 10:56 | 11:56 | 8:31 | 2:36 | 2:56 | 110 | 10:16 | 10:16 | 10:16 | 10:16 |
| 2:35 | 11:10 | 12:10 | 8:45 | 2:50 | 3:10 | 120 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:30 |
| 2:49 | 11:24 | 12:24 | 8:59 | 3:04 | 3:24 | 130 | 10:44 | 10:44 | 10:44 | 10:44 |
| 3:03 | 11:38 | 12:38 | 9:13 | 3:18 | 3:38 | 140 | 10:58 | 10:58 | 10:58 | 10:58 |
| 3:17 | 11:52 | 12:52 | 9:27 | 3:32 | 3:52 | 150 | 11:12 | 11:12 | 11:12 | 11:12 |
| 3:31 | 12:06 | 1:06 | 9:41 | 3:46 | 4:06 | 160 | 11:26 | 11:26 | 11:26 | 11:26 |
| 3:45 | 12:20 | 1:20 | 9:55 | 4:00 | 4:20 | 170 | 11:40 | 11:40 | 11:40 | 11:40 |
| 3:59 | 12:34 | 1:34 | 10:09 | 4:14 | 4:34 | 180 | 11:54 | 11:54 | 11:54 | 11:54 |
| 4:13 | 12:48 | 1:48 | 10:23 | 4:28 | 4:48 | 190 | 12:08 | 12:08 | 12:08 | 12:08 |
| 4:27 | 13:02 | 2:02 | 10:37 | 4:42 | 5:02 | 200 | 12:22 | 12:22 | 12:22 | 12:22 |
| 4:41 | 13:16 | 2:16 | 10:51 | 4:56 | 5:16 | 210 | 12:36 | 12:36 | 12:36 | 12:36 |
| 4:55 | 13:30 | 2:30 | 11:05 | 5:10 | 5:30 | 220 | 12:50 | 12:50 | 12:50 | 12:50 |
| 5:09 | 13:44 | 2:44 | 11:19 | 5:24 | 5:44 | 230 | 13:04 | 13:04 | 13:04 | 13:04 |
| 5:23 | 13:58 | 2:58 | 11:33 | 5:38 | 5:58 | 240 | 13:18 | 13:18 | 13:18 | 13:18 |
| 5:37 | 14:12 | 3:12 | 11:47 | 5:52 | 6:12 | 250 | 13:32 | 13:32 | 13:32 | 13:32 |
| 5:51 | 14:26 | 3:26 | 12:01 | 6:06 | 6:26 | 260 | 13:46 | 13:46 | 13:46 | 13:46 |
| 6:05 | 14:40 | 3:40 | 12:15 | 6:20 | 6:40 | 270 | 14:00 | 14:00 | 14:00 | 14:00 |
| 6:19 | 14:54 | 3:54 | 12:29 | 6:34 | 6:54 | 280 | 14:14 | 14:14 | 14:14 | 14:14 |
| 6:33 | 15:08 | 4:08 | 12:43 | 6:48 | 7:08 | 290 | 14:28 | 14:28 | 14:28 | 14:28 |
| 6:47 | 15:22 | 4:22 | 12:57 | 7:02 | 7:22 | 300 | 14:42 | 14:42 | 14:42 | 14:42 |
| 7:01 | | | | | | | | | | |